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The "Greer," "Seafarer" and "Sessa"

THE DEATH of President Roosevelt's mother and the mourning of the President and of the country (and of many in foreign countries, too, including, courteously and with still lingering association, Japan) delayed past time for writing this paragraph the announcement of the government's full and official reaction to the *Greer* affair and the sinking near Suez of the *Steel Seafarer* and near Iceland of the *Sessa*. We presume that the government will increase its anti-German vigilance on the sea and will do all it can to get shipments safely through to ports where its policy is to deliver goods. The President will undoubtedly define his own combat zones and not recognize those proclaimed by the Axis. It is a matter of power and war politics and tactics and not of legal abstraction and international tradition.

There is no policy whereby the US can work against Hitler to his downfall by means short of war, if American work is the factor actually deciding that downfall—and the general consensus of opinion seems to be that if Hitler is defeated, it will have to be US aid that beats him. Hitler would lose the same through defeat by America short of war as by America fully at war, and in war there are always chances that cannot be judged as surely as the German military leaders can judge the results of American safely non-belligerent support and deliveries for the shooting enemies of the nazis. Hitler is not a man to be out-maneuvered and out-smarted. Our own effectiveness is itself apparently already putting a limit on the "short of war" program. Soon the issue of America's rôle will have to be faced without the covering comforter of short-time reservations. Asked whether to go to war or not to go to war, the writer of this paragraph would say and would want to say, no, do not go. We do not believe the American people have ever been seriously asked this question, but believe they should be asked, seriously and with a minimum of equivocation, before the government settles upon further irreversible steps placing the US, while still asserting non-belligerency in the van of a war offensive in Europe, Asia and Africa.

The Politics of Industrial Democracy

AS A GENERAL PRINCIPLE labor unions ought to take care of themselves, do their own work, govern themselves. Government labor unions would mean a long leap into totalitarian government. Labor unions constitute social forces, actually and even more so potentially, which can furnish a counterpoise to increasing statism. For the sake of working people and for the sake of the whole population powerful, autonomous labor unions are desirable.

The influence of the central government upon unions has been growing much stronger. It has grown step by step in order to accomplish successive jobs that have been important. The original New Deal had to, it seemed, compensate for the power of the employers. As usual, the general tendency of our political action was to leave with the established groups their advantages and protections given by government and try to compensate for them by adding new governmental protections and privileges to the other groups which were not getting equal treatment. The governmental grab bag is stretched, and different classes given a more equal access to it. The current tendency is toward the identification of economic and political life and rule. For wage labor, the tendency appears to be toward compulsory membership in monopolistic unions which shall be increasingly regulated by the government. It is, of course, a totalitarian tendency, which specifically decreases the autonomy and the independent social life and power of unions.

As we work toward some kind of industrial organization beyond the exploitative anarchy of *laissez faire,* as we propose to seek industrial democracy, it would be intelligent to consider well the analogies between political and industrial organization. A few weeks ago, an editorial here suggested more enlightened constitutional safeguards with a kind of bill of rights for unions as a condition of legal recognition. Would it not be legitimate and useful to work the analogy further in considering majority and minority rights, espe-

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cially as they are influenced by federal governmental action? The first problem, so far almost exclusively interesting labor's friends, is to prevent some union of a minority (or majority, for that matter) from being used as an instrumetn of employer domination. But it is dangerous to have recognition of the majority bona fide union, enforced by government, mean the wiping out for good and all of the union of the minority. In industrial democracy the unions might better have a position similar to that of political parties. The bargaining agents of the majority could be recognized and loyally supported by the minority while the minority still maintains its own organization. An opposition party has good uses, positive and negative. It is an instrument of good government within the majority group. Leaders must watch out. Perhaps later on there would be a new election and different officials would win majority support.

The problem of the minority group or groups in labor ranks and of their unions clearly must be faced if industrial democracy is to flourish, particularly if industrial democracy is not going to be "integrated" into an increasingly totalitarian state. The NLRB is being forced to meet the problem. The recent decision in the Hudson Motor case ruled against the company (indirectly) for permitting the majority union to smash the minority union and (directly) for giving members of the majority privileges in maintaining their union not granted to the minority: "Even though induced by the CIO [the majority], such discrimination was unlawful because it was not required by any valid closed-shop contract between the company and the CIO." In this case the company did not have a closed shop, but it is impossible in general to support a closed shop which establishes single union monopoly and prevents the workers from keeping up minority organization and from ever turning their support from one union set-up to another.

Production Goals for the American Farmer

IT IS strange to hear that the Department of Agriculture, after years of struggle with mounting agricultural surpluses, is actually setting out to bring about in 1942 the largest American agricultural production in history. This does not, however, mean as radical a change as it might, for the increase is to be concentrated in poultry and dairy products, hogs and other kinds of meat. For wheat the surplus problem is about as acute as ever; a half billion bushel carry-over is forecast and further reduction in acreages is scheduled. Secretary Wickard states that the American farmer is going to be warned not to make the mistake of expanding his acreages the way he did in the last war. In fact, with huge grain surpluses now on hand the new production goals for meats, poultry and dairy products largely mean that some of the surplus commodities already on hand will be fed to livestock. There are other good features in these plans. One is the conscious effort to improve American nutritional standards. The continuation of the work of the Surplus Marketing Administration, which during the past school year fed 4,700,000 children in 66,000 American schools some 350,000,000 pounds of food in free school lunches, is of inestimable value. So too the extension of the food stamp plan, which in New York City, for instance, supplied about 85c a week additional food per person to needy families, can do much to bring the food level of the people up to par. Secretary Morgenthau made a good suggestion in Boston, September 9, when he advocated the sale of farm surpluses to keep food prices from getting out of reach and to impede inflation. Some 8 to 10 percent of our agricultural output is to go abroad under Lend-Lease arrangements (6 to 8 percent of it to Great Britain, for whom we are supply ¼ of her people's animal protein needs). The disturbing thing is that no provision is made for the starving peoples of Belgium and other democracies whom the latest despatches reveal to be in increasingly desperate straits. "But we don't talk about that." From the farmer's own viewpoint the emphasis on production goals does call for more diversified cultivation, but it tends to stimulate even further the commercialization of American agriculture. The farm comes more and more to be thought of as a factory rather than a home. The emphasis for 1942 is on producing great quantities for the domestic and foreign markets. The flutter of speculation in Soy Bean and other futures at the Chicago Board of Trade that followed Secretary Wickard's announcement shows how the winds are blowing.

65 *Books*

RAYMOND W. ALBRIGHT is professor of church history in the Evangelical School of Theology at Reading, Pa., and in Temple University, Philadelphia. He has had the idea of compiling a list (recently published in the *Christian Century*), analogous to that made at St. John's College, of the formative books in the Christian tradition, which he suggests as the basis for a curriculum in Protestant seminaries. The list is extremely interesting, and by and large it is excellent. Out of 65 books, 23 are of Protestant authorship (including not only Hus, Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, but also the fundamental works of the Quakers, Baptists, Methodists, etc.); his concern with Catholic thought by no means ceases with the Reformation, although it includes no books of modern vintage. It is surprising how much stimulation can spring from such a compilation; Professor Albright is to be congratulated on his idea and his civilized execution.

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More Houston "Martyrs"?

EARLY in August the American press carried accounts of an incident at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, in which a Negro soldier and a White M.P. were killed and a number of other Negro soldiers injured. New York's *PM* sent its Tom O'Connor to investigate. O'Connor reported that the circumstances of the killing were far worse than initially stated, and that the Negro who had killed the M.P. (and was in turn killed himself) acted in indignation over brutal treatment meted out to a fellow colored man. He likewise reported that after the killing, large numbers of Negro troops who knew nothing about the episode were subjected to insult and beaten up at the hands of White M.P.'s. Among those so treated were several non-commissioned officers and a chaplain (commissioned). To date the War Department has denied none of this.

Not long afterwards a more serious situation developed at Fort Robinson, Arkansas. This seems to have escaped the attention of the daily press, although the Negro press has been full of it, and the War Department has issued no denials. The Ninety-Fourth Engineers Battalion, made up of colored troops from Michigan commanded by White officers, had been transferred to this post. *En route* a minor disturbance took place in Little Rock between a colored soldier and a local policeman. As soon as the battalion had settled down to camp life, a succession of attacks were made upon the Negro soldiers. The worst of these occurred while the troops were marching along a public highway. State police and civilians armed with riot guns, shot guns and side-arms approached the moving column, which was unarmed, and ordered it off the road: "You niggers get off the highway. Get over in the ditch where you belong." The ditch was knee deep in mud and water. When the White officers in command protested, they were threatened, insulted, and one was struck by a member of the state police. White military police were witnesses to this attack, and did nothing to protect the Negro troops or their White officers.

These incidents serve to dramatize in the US Army conditions which, in the last war, led to the lamentable outbreak at Houston, Texas, when enraged colored troops seized arms and ammunition and invaded that city bent on the errand of killing as many White policemen as they could lay hands on.

What do the Negroes want? First, what is the situation? The Navy accepts no Negro enlistments except for certain limited duties—cooks, stewards, etc. The Marine Corps, as far as is known, enlists no Negroes whatever. However unjust their policies may be, these branches of our armed forces have thus evaded the race problem. In the Army there are three main groups: regulars, draftees and national guardsmen. There are two or three fine old Negro outfits in the National Guard, regiments proud of their history and ably commanded by Negro officers. But among the draftees and regulars the situation is different. Rigid segregation is the rule everywhere. Negroes are almost without exception under the command of White officers and under the supervision of armed White M.P.'s (Negro M.P.'s are not armed).

Negroes therefore ask that: (1) segregation be abolished; (2) that Negro M.P.'s be appointed in all Military Police Departments and given the same arms and power as the White military police; (3) that Negro morale officers be appointed; (4) that more Negroes be given commissions. The Secretary of War has recently said that there are 70,000 Negro troops in the Army, of whom over 400 are officers. The disproportion here is obvious, especially if it is born in mind that at least 227 of these officers are National Guardsmen and many are chaplains. One of the admitted difficulties in this whole problem has been the question of adequate recreation for the Negro troops, especially in the South. The Army is reported to be trying to rectify this, but the demand for colored morale officers is certainly just. So also is the demand for Negro military police.

But the greatest problem of all is that of segregation. The draft army is supposed to be the citizen army of a democracy: those who are being trained are not volunteers. They have had no choice. They have been drafted, and they must make the best of it.

Segregation produces a host of evils. It makes impossible that three-musketeers sort of solidarity which can act as a great protection against minor manifestations of race prejudice. It automatically encourages the giving of better quarters and facilities to White outfits. It encourages the fear of "arming the Negroes," and thereby makes them helpless to protect themselves short of insurrection or desertion.

Non-segregation would doubtless produce fights and broken heads, but heads are being broken any way, and probably the hot blood would soon cool off. The principle has worked very well in Northern public schools and it works well in some labor unions. To abolish segregation would, indeed, be cutting the Gordian knot with a vengeance, and the whole matter of race relations in America is frightfully complex, frightfully criss-crossed with sectional as well as "racial" feeling. Perhaps that is the very reason why the knot must be cut, cannot be unravelled.

The War Department is said to have eliminated segregation completely and rigorously from its own office personnel in Washington; it could do as much in the Army, and we would then hear no more talk of Houston "martyrs" or Negroes ashamed to wear the uniform of their country.

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*What Switzerland Teaches**

The lessons of Swiss federalism and regionalism for man's freedom.

***By* Denis de Rougemont *and* Charlotte Muret**

SWITZERLAND is the oldest democracy in the world, and it is the last one surviving in Europe. The foundation of the Confederacy dates back to the first of August, 1291. Thus the Swiss State has had 650 years of uninterrupted autonomous life. A glance at the map of Europe shows that it is now the last free state in the midst of that continent. Two other continental states are still nominally independent at this writing: the Swedish monarchy and the Portuguese dictatorship, but they are countries which lie on the borders of Europe, and they have been spared so far largely because they are remote.

The Helvetian Confederation, a strange combination of paradoxes lying at the very heart of Europe, has for centuries incarnated some of the most important lessons, both positive and negative, which democracy must learn today, if it is to survive. These lessons have emerged slowly during the course of a complex history. They have become clear only in the light of the present conflict. This appalling upheaval, this overthrow not only of all our political creations but of our sentimental illusions, was needed to make us begin to see among such ruins the solid ground, the basic structure on which we may hope to rebuild.

Switzerland is indeed the most paradoxical of countries, and each of its paradoxes implies a question, the answer to which is of vital importance to every democracy in the world. The mere enumeration of them suggests the challenge which this little country presents to the world of the twentieth century.

* * *

First, in its narrow territory—one of the smallest in Europe—Switzerland has concentrated and synthesized all the diversities of Europe itself.

In the central mountain range of the Gothard rise four great rivers: the Rhine, which waters Germany and Holland; the French Rhône; the Italian Po; and, with the Inn, the Danube, which flows through Austria and the Balkans. Thus in the heart of Switzerland the French, the German, and the Mediterranean civilizations meet. Federal laws are published in four languages, German, French, Italian, and Romanche, and each of the German cantons, 17 out of the 22 little states which form the Confederation, speaks a different dialect.

If you were to cross Switzerland in the express train from Basel to Locarno you would pass in the course of four hours through all the climates and all the varieties of culture in Europe, from the Nordic pine forests to the orange groves and palm trees of the Italian lakes, through a temperate and densely peopled plateau, and through the desert zone of the Alps.

Is it this very diversity, recognized, cultivated, and harmonized, which has given Switzerland its stability?

* * *

Second, Switzerland is both the most advanced democracy of Europe and the country most deeply attached to tradition.

In the old Catholic regions such as the cantons of Lucerne and Fribourg, an aristocracy of feudal origins still rules in fact, though not in law, over the agricultural villages which cluster about its castles.

In the small cantons of the central Alpine region the laws are voted and the magistrates elected by the body of the citizens assembled in the public square.

In the larger cities such as Zurich and Geneva a patrician bourgeoisie, liberal and anglophile, enriched by industry and banking, maintains a social hierarchy as rigid as any in the world (much like that which exists in the Boston of Beacon Street). But equality is absolute as soon as we enter the political domain. Money does not lead to public honors, the magistrates and the bureaucracy are incorruptible, and the son of a peasant has a much better chance of being president of the Confederation than the son of a family whose nobility dates back a thousand years.

Lastly, Switzerland is the only democracy—or, indeed, nation—in the world which has dared to entrust to each man his gun, his ammunition, and all his military equipment in peacetime—a striking proof of the civic maturity of the Swiss, and of the confidence which the State feels in its citizens.

Does Switzerland owe its sturdy progressiveness to the vitality of its age-old traditions?

* Portion of a chapter from "The Heart of Europe," to be published October 1 by Duell, Sloan & Pearce.

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Third, Switzerland is at once the most pacific country in Europe and the most highly armed.

Pacific it is, for since the time of the Treaties of Vienna in 1815 its absolute and perpetual neutrality has been solemnly recognized by the great powers as being "in the interests of all Europe." Pacific, because in addition to renouncing all voluntary participation in any armed conflict, it has been the refuge of the military and civilian victims of war; because it has founded the International Red Cross and the agency for the relief of prisoners, institutions created for the purpose of bringing a little human peace into the organized massacres of our civilization, and lastly pacific because by harmonizing in one federation three civilizations, elsewhere at war, two religions traditionally antagonistic, four languages and an unknown number of "races," it has deserved to be called "a Europe reconciled with itself."

Yet on the other hand the same Treaty of Vienna which guaranteed to Switzerland its perpetual neutrality laid upon the Confederation the responsibility for defending its neutrality and independence by its own efforts. That is why Switzerland with a population of four and one-half million inhabitants keeps up an army of 600,000 men, half of whom have been permanently mobilized since September, 1939.

Nowhere in Europe, not even in Germany, is the military spirit more highly developed than in the Swiss population. Nowhere is the army to a like degree the possession of the whole people. Nowhere else is the citizen so completely fused in the soldier, on the day of danger. Lastly, nowhere else had a preparation for modern warfare and a defensive organization against a Blitzkrieg been so minutely prepared over a period of ten years before the war.

Does Switzerland owe the peace which it still enjoys to the fact that it is proportionately the best-armed democracy in the world?

* * *

Fourth, Switzerland is both the seat of almost all the international institutions of Europe and the country the most passionately attached to its local institutions.

How is it that all nations have agreed to locate the site of the League of Nations, of the International Labor Bureau, of the Bank for International Settlements, of the Universal Postal Union and of about ninety other analogous institutions, in Switzerland? How explain that Switzerland is the most "international" country of Europe, while on the other hand it is here that local spirit is still most active, where the communes have the greatest amount of autonomy, where each canton forms a separate State, with its parliament, its popular assembly, its executive power, its code of laws which differ from those of the neighboring cantons, and its customs, private and public, jealously and resolutely preserved? How can this almost medieval agglomeration of local, often narrow, particularisms have given birth to some of the most widely European minds of the continent, and to a whole cohort of international negotiators?

Is it possible that to be deeply rooted in local realities is the essential condition which allows a people to look serenely beyond its own frontiers?

* * *

Fifth, the natural resources of Switzerland are very limited, yet the standard of living of its people is one of the highest in Europe.

Switzerland has concentrated its activity on the economic pursuits in which it has had the greatest natural advantages, and in those fields it has exhibited an energy and an ingenuity which have made its special national products, chocolate and cheese, locomotives, electrical machinery, and watches, synonymous with quality. Though it has no raw materials, Switzerland is proportionally the greatest exporting country in the world.

Inevitably, then, Switzerland has been a part of the larger European and even world economy. It has never flirted with economic nationalism, and it has profited thereby.

Does the success of the Swiss economy constitute a mere memorial to the principles of free trade and specialization, or is it suggestive for the future?

* * *

Sixth, historically Switzerland is the last remnant of medieval Europe, but it may also become the first model of a federal Europe of tomorrow.

In the thirteenth century, the passage of the Gothard was opened in the midst of the Alps, in the very spot where the four great European rivers rise. It became at once the main artery of the Holy Roman Empire, for it was the pass which connected those two separate halves of the Empire, the North and the South. The Swiss were entrusted with its defense in the name of the Emperor, and in the common interest of the neighboring peoples. Such is the origin of the Swiss Confederation. From that time on, the Swiss were a sort of European militia, and their country was recognized as free because it was an "Imperial Domain," not a feudal state like the others. This special function, this mission, gave Switzerland a sort of extra-territorial status in Europe, from which came the perpetual neutrality later bestowed on the Confederation by the spontaneous agreement of the Powers.

The Holy Roman Empire has disappeared, but the Swiss still mount guard vigilantly over their bastion, which is both a vital artery and a symbol. They hold the keys of the vanished Empire. They preserve the idea of a confederated Europe, and practice it within their frontiers. They are still the predestined guardians of the values and institutions common to all the peoples of the continent.

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If, as we believe, the Holy Roman Empire was a first incarnation of the federal idea, preserved by the Swiss cantons alone in all our torn and divided western world, and if the only conceivable hope for us lies in a peace where nations will renounce the "divine" right of sovereignty which they have unjustifiably assumed—can we not hope that tomorrow, or day-after-tomorrow, Switzerland may become the first small seed of a federated Europe?

* * *

A seed. The image is appropriate to the size of our country. A seed is always the consummation, the end of an old life; but if it is fertilized and allowed slowly to mature, it may become the promise of a new one.

Switzerland, at present encircled by the Axis powers, is a living refutation, a concrete and indisputable denial, of the totalitarian ideal. The Swiss have never asked for any other "living space" than liberty. By its very existence Switzerland proves that several races can live together in harmony, and on a footing of scrupulous equality; that it is possible to unite, in a freedom of diversity, various languages, various modes of life, and that this union is far more truly human than the enforced unity of the dicatorships. By its very existence it refutes the racial and nationalistic theories. Lastly by its very existence Switzerland is a permanent manifesto against totalitarian war, totalitarian arrogance, and the insane superstition of the *Kolossal* which is at the root of the totalitarian evil.

Although there was a period when it was the strongest military power in Europe, Switzerland has chosen to remain small in order to remain human. It has chosen to remain diverse in order to preserve concrete liberties. It has refused to believe that Man's reasons for living should be conquered by force, and yet it has been ready to remain at arms in order to defend its own existence "in the interests of all Europe," according to its particular mission. It owes to its army its continued existence at the present moment.

This example, this reality, this hope, is worthy of consideration by those who seek to understand the present era.

The conventional picture of Switzerland can be summed up in the well-known line: "The Swiss peasant milks his cow and lives in peace."

But we do not think that a genuine realism consists in taking only the pettiest aspects of life seriously.

If Switzerland can celebrate in this very year the 650th anniversary of its liberties, it must certainly be because it has meant more in the world than an idyllic picture-postcard scene.

Victor Hugo in one of his outbursts of irresponsible prophecy was once guilty of the following line—no less well known than the one quoted above:

"In history Switzerland will have the last word."

We may smile, but we may also wonder whether the reality of Switzerland, which lies between the two extremes of a sordid realism and a millennial vision, does not represent for our century the last conceivable hope of a peace which would not be heavenly, perhaps, but would be human.

Polish Exiles in Palestine

Palestine harbors unique colony of emigrés.

By **Bernard G. Richards**

AS IF LOATH to part with his former glory, old General Stanislav Kopanski, Polish military leader now living in exile in the Jewish homeland of Palestine, is in the habit of walking through the streets of Tel Aviv in full official uniform. One day he stepped into a little store to buy some cigarettes. The store keeper, a recent Jewish settler from Poland, took a long look at his customer and then remained standing immovable, puzzled and somewhat frightened. "Excuse me, Your Excellency," he finally stammered, "but did you not once live in the town of X?" It turned out that the General was a native of that town and that both men knew each other as children. The renowned army commander and the obscure little trader were so touched by the meeting that they embraced and wept.

The story, repeatedly told in Palestinian circles, characterizes a new and notable relationship between the Jews and some 2,500 Poles who have found a haven of refuge in the reconstituted Judea, replacing with friendship and goodwill the old antagonism and bitterness that prevailed in Poland.

The progress which the new Polish settlement in Palestine is making is indicated by the dispatch

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of a few days ago showing that the *Gazeta Polska,* the first Polish daily of its kind, has just made its appearance in Jerusalem. The paper is edited by Tadeusch Borowicz, a noted Polish journalist. The same report from Palestine also tells of a concert that was held in memory of Ignace Paderewski, the famous pianist and first Premier of Poland, who died last month in the United States. The concert held in the amphitheatre of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem was given by the Palestinian Jewish Symphony Orchestra under the auspices of the Polish Journalists Association in the Near East.

This, too, is in striking contrast to conditions that prevailed not so long ago when Polish leaders and politicians, especially of a reactionary type of mind, adopted the slogan of "The Jews—to Palestine!" and evolved various theories invoking the problem of a superfluous population which were duly exploited by anti-Semitic newspapers. The conflict of ideas and interests that continued for a number of years was among the dark and harrowing aspects of pre-war conditions, and the climax was reached when the solemn guarantees of the rights of minorities embodied in the Treaty of Versailles, which had graciously been accepted by Paderewski and the other Polish leaders at the recommendation of President Wilson and Premier Clemenceau, who had helped to restore Poland, were renounced by the Polish government in 1931.

But time and tide brought changes that were beyond prediction and a strange fate ordained that former heads of the Polish government, ministers, generals, statesmen and politicians of similar note should be transplanted to the land to which they were so eager to send the Jews. They now dwell in Palestine as the guests of the Jews and perhaps are acquiring a taste of what it is to be a "national minority." But such is the friendly and cordial treatment that is extended to them that they feel very much at home in their new environment, and if the Jews, at least figuratively, speak of the Diaspora as exile, the Poles now settled in this distant and unknown land feel very little of the discomfort or gloom of exile.

The members of the new Polish colony are in fact adapting themselves to the new surroundings; and probably due to the fact that so many of the Jews know their language, literature and traditions, they are more and more finding themselves very much at home. Part of the Polish settlers have come from Rumania and from other nearby lands where they hastily sought safety after the invasion of their own country. After the collapse of France, many of the Polish military and political leaders could have found refuge in England but the largest number of them preferred to come to Palestine where they knew they would find people who understood not only their tongue but their ways of life, and that they would meet many old associates, former friends and boyhood companions. In this they were not in the least mistaken. Not only the Jews in Palestine who originally came from Poland but the entire Palestinian population has accorded to them a full measure of hospitality, consideration and friendship of which the Poles are fully conscious and appreciative.

Scattered through Palestine

The Poles, according to one correspondent in the local Yiddish press, are scattered throughout Palestine, but somehow they have not been moved to make a close approach to the Arab settlements. Most of them live in the larger Jewish cities and colonies, about 500 persons having settled in Tel Aviv alone. In the Syrkin settlement—named after a distinguished publicist and lecturer who lived in the United States for many years—the Poles rented a large house which they converted into a residence club which is housing former officials who are now being supported by the government in exile. A similar center was established in Tel Aviv which offers room for a restaurant, library and other club accommodations. The establishment of this library gave added proof of the attitude of the Jewish neighbors.

Books in the Polish language? How could an extensive collection of this kind be assembled in far off Palestine? "Well," says my informant, "it was enough to insert several small notices in the Hebrew newspapers of the country. Soon packages of Polish books began to arrive from different towns and colonies, having been sent and brought by former Jewish natives and residents of Poland." The same experience repeated itself when the question arose of founding the first Polish school and kindergarten. An entire stock of Polish text books arrived seemingly from nowhere.

Classrooms and meeting halls were readily placed at the disposal of the Poles by the Hebrew Gymnasium of Tel Aviv and the other Jewish institutions. In the same way have athletic fields and playgrounds been provided. In these Polish and Jewish adults as well as children come into close association. An important figure in furthering all these contacts and arrangements is Dr. M. Rosmarin, the Polish Consul in Tel Aviv, who was a former Jewish leader and Zionist worker in Poland. He was for many years a member of the Polish Scheim, and in former years it fell to his lot to petition and wait upon Polish cabinet members in behalf of his Jewish brethren. Now he receives more readily from his Jewish brethren the assistance that is sought by the Poles. Not a few of the persons whom he now aids and befriends are former associates in the government circles of Warsaw.

For the Polish settlers in Palestine belong to the higher strata of society and include many persons of distinction and achievement. Thus we

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nave here Marshal Smigly-Rydz, who reached Palestine after making his escape from Rumania; former premier Skladkovsky, former minister Grobovsky, in addition to other statesmen and army leaders. Included in their circles are also a number of outstanding Polish authors and former editors.

An interesting phase of the new development is the readiness with which not only Polish children but also their parents are acquiring much of the prevailing Hebrew language. Not less significant is the fact that the Poles, who formerly scorned Zionism and only mentioned Palestine as a territory in which to place unwanted Jews, have now under the impact of Jewish constructive achievement in the homeland become enthusiastic Zionists and pro-Palestinians.

There is of course no objection to hearing Polish spoken on the streets of Palestine nor does anyone, despite the jealousy surrounding the preservation of Hebrew, raise any question about the circulation of Polish books or newspapers. But the spirit of tolerance was yet to reach its very height. That was achieved very recently when the Poles built their church in Tel Aviv.

Here then is the Cross made visible as a true symbol of human brotherhood, as it rises above the all Jewish city in Palestine and gleams in the sunshine by the side of the Star of David hovering over the neighboring synagogue.

"Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam"

Winner of first place in the Fordham Centennial ode contest.

By Sister M. Dolorita, S.S.N.D.

Part I

I

All praise to Him Who gives all power to praise—
To Him Who fashioned everything,
Who set our earth to swing
Upon this nigh six-thousandth round and more
From the core
Of that first dawn of days!

The eagles praise
The power of His ways—
They who with swift, strong pinnate-planes
Dare
The upper air
Of mountain-top that few men strive to range.
The larks, not strange
To height, their earth exchange
For Heaven, fervid sweetness lifting to the gates!
Man
Such easy span
Scarce boasts, though he desire and Heaven his psalming waits.

II

The eagle and the lark must challenge here
Who would bring praise for Fordham's hundredth year:
Strength and sweetness both must compass, he
Who would sing this temple's jubilee,
This shrine which, back the hundredth year,
Was built for Beauty's dwelling without fear,
Built strongly, surely, while the golden days
Lengthened, night shortened, and a glorious praise
Was sung to God in Truth's ancestral psalm:
"Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam!"

III

Ancient Pieria boasted a golden song
Ages-long wondered at but loved not long,
For Truth in anger turned his face away,
Scorning her surface-worth, her gilded clay,
Walking with stiffer lips and sterner eyes
Alone, who might have hymned with Beauty, "Paradise!"

Who mourned for Beauty's swift decline at last?
Who cared and said—as Time rode ruthless past—
"Lo! how sad that Beauty deems her daughters fair
Because of garments' flow and coiffured hair!
How sad they have, in lieu of a virile sire
Their mother's paramours and vain desire!"?

Truth cared; Truth mourned; and then his weary feet
Westward he turned to where all roadways meet,
Lived there unknown, unloved, a still retreat,
Chanting alone the true-heart's soothing balm:
"Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam!"

IV

"Why sing you here so sad a tale?" a stranger asks;
"That story unbecomes the Fordham gloried past!"
Ah! you who know will sing with me:
This was the Truth with Christ nailed on a Tree
And cherished then;
This was the Truth that brought divinity

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To earth again,
Chose him a valiant Bride that, glorious, he
Might triumph when
Out of her body's heaven-wakened love and soul
She would bring sons to serve with never doubt or dole—
Sons of God to be designed alone for God's control:
Sought or scorned, reviled or flattered, through storm, through calm
Making his purpose their own—*"Ad Dei Gloriam!"*

V

Stranger, who know not the story of the sons of God and cry:
"Why should this timed event and glory call such history?"
Learn
And then discern:
Sons of God from sons of men built them strongholds apart:
Truth loved and hovered over them, and spoke each faithful heart—
To Basil, Anthony, Augustine, Paul, and Bruno, Benedict, Bernard.
Sons of men fast losing all
By their deep, dark lack—by the dice and the card
Of the Devil condemned to pay,
The sons of God went out to them to soothe their reckoning day:
To put the Devil to rout for them,
With Truth to kill cruel Doubt for them
And lighten their burdened way.

Glory to sons of Francis and Dominic,
Rough-clad, rough-shod,
With the steel of their mind and the iron of their will and heart
Strong sons of God,
As bold and as brave as the armored Knights of the Cross
Spilling blood on the sod,
Preaching and healing the penitent sons of men
With Truth's strong psalm
While the unregenerate daughters of Beauty soft mocked:
"Ad Dei Gloriam!"

VI

This is no cold, dead story of the ghost of times passed by
Nor a trail of classic glory traced for a casual eye:
All this is Fordham's story too, for Fordham's men have trod
To this happy day the Jesuit way
Of Loyola's son of God!

O Inigo de Loyola, this festal hymn
Grows tremulously sweet because of thee!
O fighting Spirit, bravest of thy kin
Rushing to high, unconscious destiny!
O Wound of heart from lesser wound infect
Nor subject more to any earthly cures!
O long Night-Vigils when, the tinsel wrecked
From body's vanities, the soul endures!
O fragrant Wine from heart-flower crushings—draft
For drinking till no longer Nature's rod
Nor any thing can sever love on Love engraft!
O Inigo, son of man made son of God!
Ignatius, Strength of the strength of loving sons of God,
Thy self-outpourings made sweet scent of sacrifice
Till grand, proud, noble men gave self a tenuous life;
Xavier, Boabdilla, Rodriguez, and Faber, Lainez, Salmeron,
Loved thee as true sons love a father, hearts as one,
Leaned on the truth of thy true-latituded mind,
Soul-hungered too with thee and hunted, fear and custom left behind.

O Stranger, this glorious regiment,
Vowed gainst the Turk to the Vicar of Truth's defense,
Carried the Name of Jesus for armor and sustenance,
Stamped every land with the print of Jesuit feet,
The marks of Truth and regenerate Beauty sweet,
Till Time tried swift destruction—as Time must always do—
And the Vicar of Truth from their banner his hand's supporting drew;
Then the strong-sweet of Loyola's spirit in his strong-sweet, generous sons
Cried out no bitter crying
Nor useless, wild denying,
Knowing that lightning of Truth through tenebrous cloud-maze runs
For seeking, discerning ones:
But stronger than on strongest eagle's wing
And sweeter far than any lark can sing
Rose to the highest height from each brave Jesuit heart
The psalm the earth had slighted since Francis talked to the sun
But Loyola took to his heart for good as his cherished, beloved one—
The psalm that had its proud, glad, daily part
In Jesuit hall, home, Church, king's-court, slave-mart—
The glorious, sweet, unfaltering Jesuit-martyr psalm:
"Omnia ad Majorem Dei Gloriam!"

Part II

I

I sing the communion of Jesuit Brotherhood,
Resolute and true,
The cable extended unbroken still and holding good,
The World, both Old and New
Binding in Jesuit loyalty, tradition, and aim:
Jesuits of all lands and of all times, the same!

Let boast who may of honored Grecian urns
With pseudo-sacred dust of pagan sires
Or point to consecrated brazier-fires:
Sunlight flashing on white water burns
Dim and diminished beside the luminous host
Of Victors of four centuries, again
Victors now with Fordham and with Fordham's men,
The Jesuit Saints whose Brotherhood they boast!

Sad sympathy for those inconscient who
See naught beyond this world's September sky

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Or those indubious whose unlifted eye
With surfeit of earth-gazing never knew
Nor now possess the faith that makes our sight
Familiar with the invisible spirit-world,
Their living, loving still, their flags unfurled
For their earth-clan upon a better height!

No dull-eyed sight of soul be ours to clear
For view of Heaven-pageant played today:
The friendly colony upon the Bay
Saints Jogues and Bressani, and Le Moyne hold dear
In memory, and the red-rose-heart of Heaven glows
As the Jesuit mission-martyrs' choir
Sings again the tale of blood and blade and fire,
Of the Phenix Truth that over their dying rose!

Yes, sing the communion of Jesuit Brotherhood
Unbroken and true,
The Truth triumphant over the pagan wood
And our victory—old and new
Lauded today in unchanged victory psalm:
"Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam!"

II

And dangerous as the ferocious, savage horde,
The poison snake that lies half in the grass
To strike the innocent wayfarers as they pass—
The Father of Untruth, deceptive lord
Of bigotry, revolt, and ignorance—
Him conquered, all the group basilical
With saintly Hughes and Michael the Archangel
Sing, honoring Truth's great eminence!

O sing with them the Church exculpate, free
These vales and hills for Truth's grand destiny:
Sing the inchoate hour of this Hall of Truth,
Vicissitude and seeming wrong and ruth
And arcane plan of God's benignant will
That moved Kentucky's wisdom to Rose Hill!

Yes, as the august archangels sing, O sing today
The song of great beginnings done:
Sing Thébaud, Murphy, Larkin, Maldonado, Legouais,
Each illustrious centurion
A monumental column in God's structural plan,
Fashioned for his glory to more than sons of man!

And sing the blessed communion of Saints: our descant,
Muffled and thin,
Through high vaults of Heaven to magnitudinous chant
Centupled for glory to Him
Who His own sons must praise in His creation psalm:
"Omnia ad Majorem Dei Gloriam!"

III

See now among the archangelic throng
Ignatius centers the glad acclaiming song
Sequential of his fame—
Above all names his name
Linked with this centennial,
Author of this festival:
He the builder, strong and fast,
Of Fordham's present and Fordham's past!

Man builds betimes
And all the winds of all the climes
Are dusty with his dreams;
Man builds again, and now it seems
The habitation of his mind grows fair:
Fair? To behold, but with no strength
For passionate winds one soul-storm's length:
The Cheat, Despair,
Stalks loud amid the ruins of his works;
Perversity, another devil, lurks
Leering at his honest mind
Till his own spirit he denies
And builds beneath low skies
A baroque microcosm, genus of his kind:

Ignatius builds
And numerous vales and hills
Hold up his architective scheme
Foursquare to all the storms that blow!
Ignatius builds: four centuries catch the flow
Of his harmonious dream—
For centuries Jesuits use no plan
But his
And build the mind and will of man
To theme that never "WAS" nor "WILL BE" but "IS"!
And witness of their working—brave and strong—
Comes down the corridors of time their building song,
Its cumulative echo holy and sweet and calm:
"Omnia ad Majorem Dei Gloriam!"

IV

Stranger, would you know this building scheme—
The plan Ignatian and the changeless theme?
Look well about you: firmament to sod
The theme is God!
And mind can grasp it—seer or clod—
The theme of God!
And Truth can have no other measuring-rod
But God!
And heights of ways great men have willed and trod
Have led to God!

Look, Stranger, these the universal laws
Of the macrocosmic span
Are the walls, roof, arches, pillars and spire
Of the Ignatian plan:
These build the Jesuit's perfect dream—
The mansioned man:
Walls of intellect tenoned with grace of God
With closure 'gainst all light but the white light of God:
Columns of will-power set in the strength of God
And arches of enterprise patterned to will of God:
Spire of ambition pointing to love of God:
All pinioned with firm hope of immortal life with God!

In such a mansion may hungering neighbor find
Banquet ambrosial for the mortal mind:

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Knowledge, of the wisdom of ages the immortal fruit
Offered as entrée for his friendly suit;
Then Faith and Hope, true food of Constancy,
With Joy to drink, at times, judiciously.
Peace here is music for true brotherhood
And Greed can find no blustering lustihood
For individual hoard:
Here at the board
Serve Law, Equality, and Justice first the Oppressed
As honored and loved most of all loved guests.
And every way in the mansioned mind is a Christ-way
Fragrant with censers burning sweet brother-love,
And every day is a lover's soft-radiant tryst-day
Consonant to joyous aura of worlds above;
For Truth meets Beauty with a perfect kiss
In Subject-Heart conjoined with Mansioned-Mind
And True-Love is conceived for perfect bliss
To pierce the proud earth's dull and hardened rind—
A flaming light for all to see and know
Sweet-Beauty subject to Strong-Truth is lovely so:
Lovely is Mansioned-Mind as True-Love's psalm
To the Giver of Love he sings: *"Ad Dei Gloriam!"*

V

Glory to sons of Ignatius, builders true
Of mansioned men!
Glory to Fordham, trusted ark of the plan
Ignatian!
Glory to God for the hundred stars
In her diadem!

O World,
How beautiful each delicate, fleeting thing,
How lovely every phosphorescent dream!
Faint-flushing blossoms of a youthful spring
Thrill to desire; foam-faeries on the stream
Catch the breath, and hold it for a space
To mock and skip away on dainty feet;
Lovely moon-maid charms with floating grace
Fickly coquetting down the silver street.

There comes a time the heart is lost in play
And stark, strong oaks more aid than blossoms are,
And firm, hard rocks are sought beside the spray,
And hopeful eyes to the Constant Star
But wind and storm may blot out even these
To seeming ultimate loss of every realm:
The Captain of the Soul may even cease
To guide, let go completely at the helm.
Yet, high above the storm, as eagle nests,
May SPIRIT sight where Truth unchanging rests,
May hear True-Love singing his peaceful psalm;
Sweet as the lark, holy and joyous and calm:
"Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam!"
Above the thunder, above the storm
"Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam!"
The sons of God above the storm
"Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam!"
And Fordham's men above the storm:
"Majorem Dei Gloriam!"
"Dei Gloriam!"
"Gloriam!"

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

I AM VERY grateful to the publishers of the latest version of one of the greatest books in the world, Harper & Brothers, for sending me a copy of the "Imitation of Christ," edited, with an Introduction from Whitford's version of the famous Christian classic, by Edward J. Klein ($3.00) with a suggestion that I might have something to say about the work in this column. It is a beautifully printed and splendidly edited volume, the outcome of many years of the most devoted and arduous critical and scholarly labors on the part of its editor, based upon a much more detailed study prepared by him for the Early English Text Society of London. What was there laid before the experts in early English literature is now presented to the general reading public. I would suggest to my own editors that so outstanding an authority in all that pertains to the "Imitation of Christ" as Brother Leo should be requested to deal with the new version of the original English translation of this masterpiece of Christian literature in a manner and with an authority meet for the consideration of so important a book, letting my own comments prepare the way for that more adequate consideration. For of course only a few people among those who write about books are really competent to deal with the many difficult and sometimes abstruse points and problems that have gathered about the authorship of the work and its English translations and versions in the five centuries since its first appeared, and Brother Leo is high among the small number of such experts in our generation. Meanwhile, I am delighted to assure such readers of books who may be influenced by the opinions expressed in this column that the Klein edition of the Whitford version of the "Imitation" is a most noble piece of work, particularly when regarded from a literary point of view, because of the beauty and musical quality of its prose.

The introduction provides much curious information, however, of the neglect the work has suffered from the pundits who prepare the stock studies of English literature, and of the works that have provided stimulus or added material to the body of English literature. Few if any anthologies of English prose even mention Whitford's translation, although Mr. Klein amply proves how great and long-enduring its influence has been. Whether or not the "Imitation" was first written by Chancellor Gerson or Gerard Groote or the man with whose name it is most commonly associated, Thomas à Kempis, Mr. Klein does not discuss, merely referring to the age-old controversy, and rightfully confining himself to his main task of rescuing the first English version from its ill-deserved neglect. Of Whitford's ability as a translator he gives a particularly valuable account, and inasmuch as Whitford's work probably had a large influence in preparing the English language for the great outflooding of noble prose that culminated in the translation of the Scriptures, it is an act of great justice to trace the effect produced by this humble monk who emulated Thomas à Kempis himself

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in preferring the path of genuine personal devotion in living a Christian life to all the rewards and delights of exploiting the great natural gifts of intellect which he possessed. Born in Wales, Whitford was highly educated at Cambridge and Paris, and after he returned from the University in the latter city, where he received the degree of Master of Arts, he became one of the notable group of men of letters and scholars who revolved about those great luminaries of the intellectual world of that age, Erasmus and Thomas More, but gladly he passed by his opportunities of playing a large part in the Church or State and entered Syon Monastery at Twickenham near London, and there he wrote many devotional works of his own and prepared his translation of the "Imitation." Of how he transmuted his learning into literary service of the spirit of Christianity among his own people and of how vast that service was, and still is as his book now reappears, Mr. Klein's introduction gives a fascinating and inspiring account.

It is a courageous action on the part of the publishers of this notable work to bring it out at a time like this, but surely never was the need for the spirit propagated by it greater than now, and it is to be hoped that it will win a wide popular circulation, as well as the special attention of the experts in the technical matters discussed in the learned introduction.

Communications

CONVERSATIONS IN MOSCOW

TO the Editors: I read with great astonishment Miss Carroll's letter in THE COMMONWEAL of August 15. The learned lady should have been aware that the second part of my hyphenated name is of Vendic (Slavic) origin and that efforts to discredit the "Slavs" can hardly be found in my article. I doubt Miss Carroll would insist in her accusation were she familiar with my first book (which I published under the Slavic *nom-de-plume* Tomislav Vitezović).

I am unfortunately not free of political prejudices (though I abhor a racial bias). I confess to a dislike of communism, which is not absolutely divinely inspired (at least in my opinion), but it may be that my prejudice is due to personal experiences with the less polished representatives of this quaint and not entirely unsanguinary philosophy.

ERIK RITTER VON KUENNELT-LEDDIHN.

SUMMER SCHOOL OF LITURGY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: As an addendum to Father John A. Reinhold's words (THE COMMONWEAL, August 29) at the summer school of the liturgy: "The Mystical Body will expand among our people less by indoctrination, than by celebrating, acting in the great sacrifice and sacrament that primarily builds us into Christ," you may be interested to know that Father Ford, pastor of Corpus Christi Church in New York City, reads the low Mass in a loud tone of voice, so that the Latin text can be clearly and distinctly heard throughout the church. All of Father Ford's parishioners may be seen to be reading the Mass with him in their missals.

I am convinced that if all priests were to follow Father Ford's example this would do more for the liturgical movement than any amount of propagandizing. It would be a very good idea to have our seminarians trained to say the low Mass in this fashion. The Catholic laity would probably show much more interest in Catholic action and in the Liturgy if our reverend clergy, the official dispensers of God's Holy Word and of His Sacraments, could be induced to show a little more enthusiasm and a little less complacency in carrying out Christ's commands: "Go teach ye all nations," and "Do this as a remembrance of Me."

ANDRÉ J. DE BÉTHUNE.

PAN AMERICA

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: We Americans are all very much interested in our Pan-American neighbors. We want to be friends. But haven't we used very trivial ways to gain this friendship? We seem to forget that all these people have artistic, old-world backgrounds. Even the humbler ones down there reverence the poet, the artist. Ignorant of hidden, centuries-old culture, our tourists dash about, eager, curious, seeing nothing but a shoddy surface life, snatching at bits of it that appear amusing or quaint, and carrying the trivia home with them—recipes for hot-tasting dishes, records of crude dances, silly songs, cheap "arts and crafts" souvenirs. No, we know nothing of the people and the places to the south of us. And isn't it largely because practically nothing of their literature has been translated into our language? We are utterly ignorant of their history, their drama, their poetry. On the jacket of the book, "Some Spanish-American Poets," translated by Alice Stone Blackwell and brought out by the University of Pennsylvania Press (1929, 1937, 1939), there is a note that this is the only collection of its kind. What are our writers and our colleges and students doing? Why aren't they interesting themselves in all this hidden treasure and giving us adequate translations? Is there any better approach to a country than through its literature?

ETHEL KING.

The Stage & Screen

Village Green

THE THEATER SEASON of 1941-42 has opened and, *mirabilis mirabile,* with a play which may very well prove a success. The opening plays of the year are usually pretty weak brothers, thrown in with the hope that as there is nothing else new to go to people will go to them. But Carl Allensworth's "Village Green" is not of these, nor is its chief player an unknown; in fact he is none other than Frank Craven. Mr. Craven is the most delightful of our homespun actors. His ease, his

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charm, the mastery of his underplaying make him the ideal exponent of our Eastern folkways. And "Village Green" is a play tailored for him, almost, in fact, a monologue, for he is off the stage only for a couple of minutes during the evening. This is fortunate, for without his physical presence the play would scarcely be strong enough to live, it being written chiefly to display Mr. Craven the village humorist, politician and wise-cracker; if a term so explosive as the latter can be applied to the salty philosophers who hold forth around what used to be the cracker-barrel in New Hampshire village general stores. Yet the play is amiable, has many lines of pungent dialogue, and its characters, though taken from the stock-room, are galvanized into life by their admirable interpreters. The story has to do with the desire of Judge Peabody to run for the state senate, and the handicap, which proves in the end the stepping-stone to election, of his daughter's love for an artist who shocks the village puritans by painting a semi-nude as the central figure of the court-house mural.

The Judge, of course, is played by Mr. Craven, and he runs the gamut of New England emotions, which in the theater usually extends to about E. This isn't true when Mr. O'Neill gets his scalpel into Yankee folk doings, but Mr. Allensworth, like most of the back-stoop and kitchen-sink school of New England dramatists, doesn't wield the scalpel. He prefers sweetness and light for his heroes and heroines, and meanness and hypocrisy for his villains and villainesses. And all who interpret them in "Village Green" do so worthily, with especial mention going to Perry Wilson for her incisive portrait of the daughter, to Hubert Carter for his amusing village nit-wit, to John Ravold for his human picture of a hen-pecked husband, to Norman Lloyd for a *Life* photographer to the life, and to John Craven for a homespun artist. And, of course, to Frank Craven, honors *summa cum laude*. So despite its rather casual construction, its naïve story, and lack of emotional depth, "Village Green" proves a pleasant opening of the season. (*At Henry Miller's Theater*)

Percy Warum as Mr. Day

THOSE who really like good acting should hasten to see Percy Warum play the part of Father in "Life With Father." They must, however, hurry for he is only substituting for Howard Lindsay, whose workmanlike performance all New York has enjoyed. Mr. Warum's interpretation differs from Mr. Lindsay's in laying the emphasis on the comedy of the character rather than on farce. Mr. Warum's is the portrait of a man of power, and he persuades us that though his wife may get the better of him, few men would. It is a performance beautifully articulated, incisive, humorous—in short a masterpiece of character acting. It throws a new light on "Life With Father." (*At the Empire Theater*)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Woemance for Women

BUYERS' guides say that women do most of the purchasing, so Hollywood taking this dictum seriously appeals this week to the controllers of the purse strings. Men, swept along by their companions' enthusiasms, may like the pictures, but they will wonder what all the fuss is about, and they will recognize that in all three films the point of view is the woman's.

In *"Unfinished Business"* Irene Dunne is all set to start living on the day she gets her baby sister married off. On the train to New York, our looking-for-life heroine meets a rich cad who kisses, promises and runs. So our sad, jilted heroine marries on the rebound the cad's hard drinking, playboy brother. And they "play and play and have oodles of fun" until her husband sobers up and falls in love with her. He naturally has difficulty in understanding Irene's obsession for that train romance with his brother, whom he hates. Even his wife's explanation: in the lives of all women is some unfinished business, some love affair that's never quite forgotten, doesn't console him until he uses his Army hardened muscles to take a poke at Big Brother. Although this film is unusually well acted and excellently directed, even producer-director Gregory La Cava and his good cast can't make Eugene Thackery's screenplay convincing. Miss Dunne, while not exactly the starry-eyed small town girl, is splendid as the wife, especially in the transition as she overcomes her obsession. The wisecracking, irresponsible hunsband rôle is a natural for Robert Montgomery; and Preston Foster plays the bounder as manfully as possible. Men will resent these perfidious males and will be a little curious about their own women's unfinished business.

"Lydia" is another of those remembrance-of-things-past films. Now elderly, Lydia and three former beaux laughingly, lovingly, recount how their lives were intertwined. They go back to the nineties when headstrong, romantic Lydia was the prettiest girl in Boston (Merle Oberon makes her that). Some of the flashbacks are artificial, but delightfully so, as in the brilliant ballroom scene. Cinemagoers who saw "Carnet de Bal" will recognize the Julien Duvivier technique. The same French director staged this film, and we have no objection to his repeating himself for he has done such a masterful job throughout this Alexander Korda production. The first part of the picture, dominated by Lydia's sea-minded grandmother (Edna May Oliver) seems a trifle thin as the story reveals how Lydia's devoted young doctor (Joseph Cotton) prevented the girl from eloping with an attractive football hero. Affairs take a sharp turn from frippery when Lydia opens a home for blind children. The sentiment gets sticky, but the visualization and photography are lovely as the next beau, a blind pianist (Hans Yaray) plays for the children and falls in love with Lydia. Then comes another sharp turn: Lydia confesses her one surviving, sweeping passion, her affair with the tall, handsome, strong, Byronesque sailor (Alan Marshal). An amazing amount of reminiscing is done; and the cast is perfectly in tune with the moods. But if the picture doesn't quite come off, let the blame be on the working out of details. Although the script by Ben Hecht and Samuel Hoffenstein is appropriately romantic and moving, men may find the proceedings lengthy and slow.

When the girls get together, they are likely to act catty like "The Women" or they may play duets and discuss sensibly as they do *"When Ladies Meet."* In this case,

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Joan Crawford, an unmarried novelist, is in love with her publisher. That he is married gives her ideas for her new novel, in which the modern heroine is courageously going to her lover's wife and proclaim their wonderful love. Furthermore there's a rumor that the publisher's wife is an "intellectual droop." You know as soon as you see Greer Garson that she's not any kind of a droop, that she's an attractive, intelligent, sensitive person (who is outacting everyone in the picture). So the ladies meet and talk the whole thing out rather sanely—except that never once in the bright conversation does the morality of the situation concern them. Rachel Crothers's play (1933) was more concerned with snappy repartee; and the screenplay by S. K. Lauren and Anita Loos tries to preserve the wit of the original. The result is a movie in which everybody talks and talks; some of the chatter is amusing, most of it too obviously "smart." Miss Crothers may know her ladies, but she doesn't get to first base with men. Robert Taylor is sprightly as the man-about-town who wants to marry Joan; but Herbert Marshall is so anemic as the publisher that it is impossible to find wherein he attracts. Director Robert Z. Leonard tried to get some action into the stagy script, but had little luck. While women grow gleeful over the stunning Adrian gowns, men will shudder over the glittering sets which are as artificial as most of the subject matter.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Chinatown & Japan

Shake Hands with the Dragon. Carl Glick. Whittlesey. $2.75.

EVERYONE of even a nodding acquaintance with New York's Chinatown will have reason to thank Carl Glick for his absorbing and first hand study of this little known place.

I have spent a great deal of time in the environs of Mott, Pell and Doyer Streets. Almost as many years, in fact, as has Carl Glick. I have seen the imperturbable faces of the business men and students, the gleeful faces of the kids, the benign and philosophic faces of the old men. I have noticed the unobtrusiveness of the women, the studied self-effacement of all Chinatown's population. I have smelled the smells of Chinatown, eaten the food, mixed in the quiet confusion. The roast ducks, blown up with a bicycle pump, have intrigued me as they hung in blowzy contentment in the shop windows. I have thrilled to the dragon, at once kindly and terrible, as it cavorted through the narrow streets on rare festive days. But all these things are surface stuff, things anyone might see and experience but never appreciate nor fully understand. Carl Glick saw, was puzzled and then made it his business to find out what Chinatown was all about.

It took Glick a long time to pierce the armor of inscrutability that covers the Chinese. Once this was done, however, the rest was easy if involved. The intricacies of Chinese politeness and friendship, the subleties of social relations make swell common sense once they are understood. As a matter of fact, so much of the Chinese way of doing things makes such good common sense that our Occidental bluntness and "practicality" seem stupid by comparison. Take the matter of chopsticks, for instance. Did you know the fork was invented by an Italian? He modeled it as an improvement over the chopsticks brought from China by Marco Polo. But was it an improvement? How often have you attacked a piece of meat with knife and fork, dissected a choice morsel from its surrounding bone and gristle, leaving a plate with a small pile of garbage that was as unsightly to you as it was irking to the dishwasher? Chinese food comes to the table already cut into little cubes just the right size for popping into the mouth. The man you pay for preparing your food really prepares it. It comes to you ready to be eaten, not to be operated upon. The Chinese, who likes to enjoy his food, does not harpoon it but picks it up tenderly with two sticks so it will not be mutilated in the process. Moreover, when eating in a public place, he brings his own chopsticks with him. He does not care to taste of another's hardened gravy or of the establishment's less than appetizing soap.

Glick was accepted by the Chinese, became a family intimate with many of them, a thing practically unheard of in Chinatown. The result is a welter of interesting anecdotes, some charming, some startlingly informational. He had found out from the police that juvenile delinquency almost never is found in Chinatown. It took him some time to get the answer from his Chinese friends. The answer is as Catholic as it is common sense. Just the good old Fourth Commandment plus the supporting rule that the father is held responsible for his son's shortcomings.

Did you ever hear of the second Boston Tea Party? It resulted in the Chinese Republic of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen. The Chinese have a Rochdale plan all their own, formulated long before the redoubtable weavers of Rochdale ever thought of such a thing. Tong "hatchetmen" do not use hatchets at all but the more efficient and neater pistols, and have their own Marquis of Queensberry rules. A Chinese might belong to five or six Christian sects. Having joined one in order to be polite to a missionary friend, he feels it impolite and discriminatory to refuse his other missionary friends.

Come next Chinese New Year, give your Chinese laundryman a bag of tangerines, not less than two nor more than twelve. They are a symbol of good luck. If he hands some back, accept them graciously as he wishes to share his luck with you. After this, when he puts too much starch in your shirts or hasn't them ready on time, he will probably bow and say, "How extremely careless of me. Pray, forgive me," instead of murmuring the traditional, "velly solly."

Mr. Glick reveals a great many intimacies with the same open-handed generosity he ascribes to the Chinese. He can appreciate, too, some of the subtle amusement of his Chinese friends as the tourists file through the streets of Chinatown, timorously glancing at the sinister and forbidding Columbia post-graduate whose impeccable English would be a mystery to some of them.

It must be remembered that Mr. Glick is talking about Chinese in America. They are truly China Chinese in all their living and being but are seen against an American setting, seen coping with American problems in an ingenuous manner, seen maintaining an integrity that no other immigrant grouping has even attempted. I promise that you will enjoy this thoroughly readable book and, having

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enjoyed reading it, will seek an opportunity to lend it to a friend that he may share your enjoyment. You'll have absorbed that kind of generosity from the characters.

WILLIAM M. CALLAHAN.

Volcanic Isle. Wilfred Fleisher. Doubleday. $3.00.

THE AUTHOR of this timely yet mystifying volume undoubtedly knows Japan about as well as is possible for any discerning Westerner. His paper, the *Japan Advertiser,* was outstanding right down to the time that pressure from the government of that country forced him to give it up in November, 1940. In addition to serving as managing editor of his paper for a number of years, Mr. Fleisher also acted as correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune.* His paper was a family affair, and he knows intimately many of the leading figures of that island empire. He was on the scene when many of the most important developments took place and certainly he reports them well.

It must be the nature of his subject that is responsible for the feeling of dissatisfaction that comes on completing the book. The Japanese remain almost as much of a puzzle as ever. In the process of digesting 333 fascinating pages one witnesses almost at first-hand such developments as the fascist revolt of 1936, the outbreak of the war with China in 1937, the formulation of the anti-Comintern Pact with Germany and Italy, and a whole series of incidents bearing on Japanese domestic and foreign relations. He sits in with the author at important dinners with leading Japanese statesmen and civilians, on several occasions on the eve of their assassinations or unsuccessful attempts on their lives; the biographical sketches are excellent. He also scrapes acquaintance with a number of the picturesque conventions of Japanese social procedure. Finally, Mr. Fleisher gives in no uncertain terms his convictions as to the obstinacy of Japanese world ambitions and briefly suggests that this might well be the time for the United States to take advantage of her Far Eastern rival's vulnerable position. Yet right no wTokyo seems to be taking pains to be particularly friendly, and negotiations with the US are said to hold a high degree of promise.

What is hard to understand is the reverence which all Japanese have for their emperor and the apparent ease with which political and military leaders disregard His Higness's wishes. Why should the new political structure which came into being last year bring about what is perhaps the most severe dictatorship in the world without including at the same time any one person who could be presumed to be the fuehrer or dictator? It is also difficult to reconcile the marked estheticism of the Japanese, of which the Grand Order of the Chrysanthemum might be taken as an indication, with their extreme ruthlessness in foreign relations and on the field of battle. It is also hard to square the capabilities of the Japanese for self-sacrifice with their intense materialism. Finally, there is the difficulty of understanding how their strong deference for authority and the Shinto tradition is often coupled with amorality in international and other fields. Can it be that the Japanese are more inconsistent than the rest of human kind, or is it simply that it is virtually impossible for an occidental to understand the forces and age-old traditions that shape their outlook toward life?

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

BIOGRAPHY

Victoria's Heir. The Education af a Prince. George Dangerfield. Harcourt. $3.00.

THE QUEEN always supposed that his title would be Albert Edward I. But Bertie dropped his dear papa's name as he had his counsels and became Edward VII. Using Bertie as a thread of continuity through some essays on the Corn Laws, the Crystal Palace, the Suez Canal, the Crimean War, the Schleswig-Holstein dispute, etc., Mr. Dangerfield winds up his very readable volume with a running contrast between Edward VII and Wilhelm II, each of whom represented, with equal lack of intelligence, the rival commercial interests of Europe and nations veering to the opposite poles of democracy and autocracy. Both uncle and nephew, however, possessed in common such Germanic traits as an aptitude for the intracacies of etiquette and a passion for uniforms. Sharing his grandmother's sentimentalism about the Stuarts, the Kaiser coveted above everything an honorary colonelcy in a Highland Regiment with its satisfying accompaniment of kilts, and, in 1894, baited his desire with an offer to make the Prince of Wales an officer in the Queen's Own Prussian Dragoons. Bertie and Willy became so agitated over this momentous transaction that the Queen, after consulting her ministers, compromised by presenting her Own Prussian Dragoons with some kettledrums. All went well until the marriage of Nicholas II, but when Nicky was made Colonel in Chief of the Scots Greys, Willy sulked in sullen rage and always blamed Uncle Bertie. "The old peacock" was what the Kaiser called him, while the Prince, with small diplomacy and a large wink, would refer with great gravity to his "illustrious nephew."

It is always easy to poke some fun at the Prince Consort and his memoranda and his remorseless sense of duty, which precluded all idea of any amusement for Bertie, but we doubt if a more balanced education could have counterbalanced the taint of Hanover. The future Edward VII's great-uncles and grandfather were the seven most licentious men in royal circles, and if Edward had better manners and a larger allowance, his tastes were as promiscuous. He was continuously unfaithful to one of the most beautiful and charming women in Europe and spent £100,000 on his pleasures when the condition of the working classes in England, Ireland and Scotland was far more horrible than the most imaginative nazi has conceived for a concentration camp. When the Prince of Wales was made a member of the Royal Commission for Inquiring into the Housing of the Working Classes in 1884, he attended a few sessions and then returned to his racing and gambling engagements. Some of these conditions of British labor had been incorporated by a younger man into a book called "Das Kapital." Mr. Lytton Strachey has made banter the established note for Victorian studies, but both Victorian and Edwardian history has a grim and portentious undercurrent.

When Mr. Dangerfield is not writing with the "Oh's" and "Ah Yes," the exclamation and interrogation points of this reminiscent form of narrative, he proves the lucidity of his thought and his English by making the Schleswig-Holstein question comparatively intelligible. Of his Prince as Edward VII he remarks: "It was always unwise to assume that King's behavior took after his morals. Only the latter were loose."

E. V. R. WYATT.

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HISTORY

The Reluctant Republic: Vermont 1724-1791. *Frederic F. Van de Water. Day.* $3.00.

IN HONOR of the 150th anniversary of Vermont's admission into the Union, Frederic Van de Water has written the best of his books about the state of his choice. This is no sentimental evocation of the joys of the bucolic life and of the whimwhams of "natives" and "summer people," but a masterly popularization of the latest historical studies of Vermont's early days. The facts and dates and the great names are all here, woven cunningly into a highly readable narrative which has the sweep and breadth of good historical writing about it.

For all its seeming obscurity, the subject is one of importance, for Vermont was long the key to New England and a buffer against the forays of first the French and Indians and then the English and Indians in more than a century of border warfare. The importance of Vermont's rôle in the Revolution has rarely been made so clear, and certainly its goodly company of heroes, patriots, villains and traitors—the incredible Ethan Allen and his wily brother Ira, the staid Seth Warner, the cunning Thomas Chittenden, the turncoat Charles Phelps and all the rest —have never before been brought so vividly to life and put so clearly into proper focus in the great drama of the making of the state. The reader's interest never flags as he follows plot and counterplot, invasion, battle and broad farce, all of which combined to make up the early history of the state for which so many not its natives have a peculiar fondness. This is one of the most eloquent as well as the most worthwhile books that the Green Mountain State has inspired; certainly it is Mr. Van de Water's best book. It should prove of the greatest interest to all concerned with our early history, and with the establishment of those liberties and freedoms to which America has once more publicly dedicated itself.

MASON WADE.

SCIENCE

Man on His Nature. Sir Charles Sherrington. Macmillan. 1941.

THIS BOOK comprises a series of twelve addresses given at Edinburgh in 1937-8, as Gifford Lectures. Lord Gifford established these lectures to permit accomplished scholars to express themselves on the subject of natural theology, "treated as a strictly natural science." Sherrington has conscientiously limited himself in accordance with the expressed will of the founder of the lectureship. He is explicit that his conclusions are intended to apply to natural theology, not to revealed religion.

He develops the subject in an historical manner, and, as the title implies, the central enquiry is into man's interpretation of his own nature and his relation to the universe. His starting point is the natural philosophy of Jean Fernel, a French physician of the mid-sixteenth century. Fernel's writings are adequately reviewed and the reader is given a vivid picture of the monstrosities with which superstition peopled the natural arena. Sherrington then traces the change of natural science down to the present day, and amplifies his physico-chemical analysis of man into a substantial textbook of biology, which is remarkably inclusive and admirably accurate.

His ultimate conclusion is that life is a part of general nature. In other words, life is an expression of energy transformations and spatial relations. Mind, however, he places on a different plane from life. But though "mind" is not a part of "life," he does not consider that it implies a soul. Man, then, becomes a composite of life plus mind.

The style of writing is so cumbersome that it is hard work to read the book. Do not pick it up to pass an idle moment.

J. MCA. KATER.

WAR

Pattern of Conquest. Joseph C. Harsch. Doubleday. $2.50.

ONCE AGAIN the riddle of the publishing world. Why the fanfare for William Shirer's random compilation of reminiscences and the comparative obscurity of this work by the *Christian Science Monitor's* foreign correspondent, Joseph C. Harsch? "Pattern of Conquest," it is true, does not add much to the information which is by now common knowledge on the subject of Germany and Germany's future, but it is a quietly serious attempt to understand the desires and fears that fill in the space between the outlines of Hitler's National Socialist State. Shirer, on the other hand, is completely a newspaperman, reporting vividly what he sees and hears without much probing of the German mentality. Although the pictures are much the same, Shirer's is blurred by emotionalism and dissipated by the length and formlessness of his medium, while Harsch throughout is restrained and impartial in his style.

The design, he perceives, is a coherent and self-contained whole. With skillful craftsmanship he has selected and emphasized as his theme the traditional German failure to become assimilated to Western culture, culminating in their current efforts to destroy it. This explains, on the one hand, why fascism in Germany should have taken its form from the myth of German supremacy and turned so decisively from the basically Christian culture of the West to the primitive tribalism of German folklore, and on the other way the rest of Europe has fallen so easily: "The outside world . . . has grown accustomed to think of the western world as a group of nations which had its own internal squabbles and indulged in war as a means of settling them but still did all its fighting according to established rules of the game and had as its objective only a limited advantage over the opponent, not his extinction. . . ." There is always a danger that such a pattern may become over-simplified so that some of the determining factors are not given their proper stress. And even as applied, a few of the author's predictions seem somewhat too facile. But in general, his principle causes nazi Germany to come alive, while, for this reader at least, "Berlin Diary" never loses the unreal quality of a bad dream.

MARGARET STERN.

BRIEFER

Northwest Gateway. Archie Binns. Doubleday. $3.00.

THIS is a history of Seattle, an attempt to give the reader the typical *genius loci* of our picturesque metropolis on Puget Sound. If you live in Seattle it will help you to identify a few street names and give you a rough idea of the first years of this young city. If you are looking for more you will be disappointed. You will find no explanation, e.g., why a city which might have been the crown of all North American cities is such a mess of city planning that you could call it the classical example of missed opportunities. Nor do you hear

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enough about the racial and sociological composition of its population. It reads like a gossipy story of some provincial reporter. When the author tries to inject atmosphere, as in the opening chapter with his imaginary sailing up Puget Sound, his lack of descriptive power is painfully visible. He is worse when he attempts to give Seattle's short history an element of fake mythology: a black and a white horse of one of the first settlers pops up all over the book galloping out of the Sound over the roof tops. Of Seattle's true charm, its natural location, its landscape, its neighborhood, its Pacific importance we hear little. One has only to read Eric Gill's contrasting of Brighton and Chichester in his autobiography to feel what the author missed in this book.

In the Groove

IN LOOKING back over these columns, I have wondered whether readers might be struck by a prevailing note of approval, even of sustained praise, of the stacks of discs which have slid into the maw of my phonograph. An explanation may be in order. Under the system employed until recently by the major recording companies, reviewers ordered discs in definitely limited numbers from the advance listings. Naturally one would concentrate one's choices on what looked good and pass up what might turn out to be mediocre. Moreover, I own to a prejudice in favor of first recordings of interesting music, as opposed to superior recordings of works which have been done before, however satisfactorily.

Now Victor and Columbia have both adopted a system of "packaging" or, loathsome word, "pre-selecting" records for most of their reviewers. It saves the reviewer's time and presumably draws attention to records which the makers are most anxious to get plugged. It is, however, as if a book publisher were to send out a package consisting of the latest best seller, a detective story, a couple of predestined flops and reprints of "Gone With the Wind," "Hamlet," and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Not to be unfair, Victor's first package to me was largely excellent. I missed only an album of *Brazilian Songs* by the fine Brazilian singer (of American ancestry), Elsie Houston ($3.50). The best Victor set I heard is two Mozart symphonies, *No. 29 in A major* and *No. 34 in C major* ($5); early works, not too significant, but played with grace and attention to detail by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony. Mozart's *Concerto No. 20 in D minor* ($4.50) is top-drawer indeed, warm and passionate, but Jose Iturbi, both playing the piano and conducting the Rochester Philharmonic, seemed to miss the warmth; a stiff, brilliant performance. Ravel's *Bolero,* by Piero Coppola and the Grand Orchestra Symphonique ($2.50), follows the composer's intentions more faithfully than US recordings have done, but most listeners will prefer the latter to this comparatively colorless version. Grieg's *Holberg Suite,* a set of pieces in eighteenth century style, is pleasant enough, and played to perfection by Walter Goehr and the London String Orchestra ($2.50). Brahms's *Variations on a Theme by Haydn,* in its two-piano version, is hardly plumbed by the performance of Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff ($2.50), and I much prefer it as an orchestral work.

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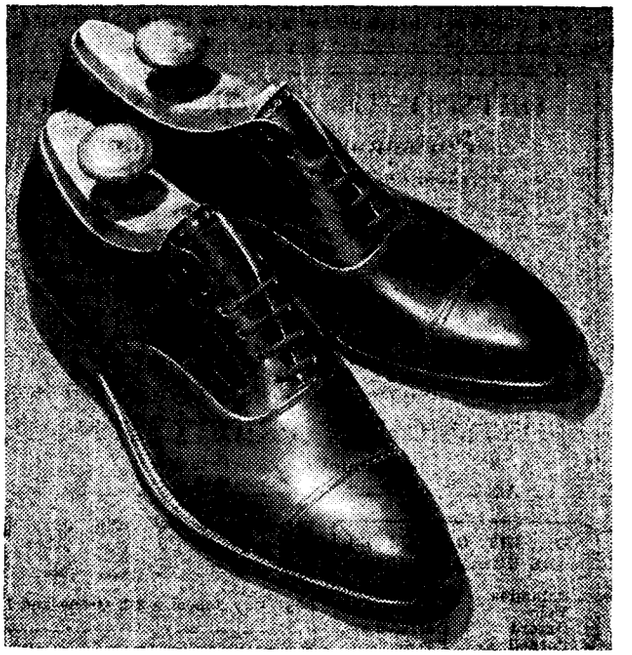

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somberly beautiful, in a performance flowing, poised and tonally rich, such as the Budapest Quartet alone can give (Columbia, $3.50). Perfection, too, is Handel's *The Faithful Shepherd Suite*: airs and dances from a long-forgotten opera, arranged and conducted with musicianly understanding by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic ($3.50). Ernst Toch is a German who has gravitated from Viennese atonalism to writing for Hollywood. In his *Quintet for Piano and Strings* he demonstrates the tricks of the trade and exhibits a certain originality in calling his movements "The Lyrical Part," "The Whimsical Part," "The Contemplative Part" and "The Dramatic Part." But the music never touches the heart. Played by the composer and the Kaufman Quartet (Columbia, $4.50).

Best of the singles is Samuel Barber's *Essay for Orchestra,* played by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Victor). One of the few contemporary works which seems assured of a place in the repertory, this is finely wrought music, with heart and sinews, for all its conservatism in idiom. Lovingly played, with superb shimmering tone, are the first and third act *Preludes* from *Traviata,* by Toscanini and the NBC Symphony (Victor). Forget about John Charles Thomas's *My Hero* and other numbers from *The Chocolate Soldier;* vulgar and blown-up as an old-fashioned close-up (Victor). One of Hugo Wolf's greatest songs, *Mignon: Kennst du das Land,* is sung with passionate sincerity, albeit vocal unevenness, by Kerstin Thorberg (Victor). Norman Cordon's *Danse Macabre*—the familiar Saint-Saëns piece in its vocal version—is not to my taste, but Strauss's *Traum durch die Dämmerung* on the other side is acceptable (Victor). On the Columbia list, Fritz Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony give a rousing, well-recorded performance of Johann Strauss's *Wiener Blut.* Two entr'actes from the incidental music Mozart wrote for *Thamos King of Egypt* get their first recorded performance from Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Symphony; the conductor's penchant for energizing, at the risk of distorting, is apparent in these sculptured works. Guiomar Novaes plays two fine Albeniz piano pieces, *Triana* and *Evocacion;* the disc I received was cracked, but sounded blurry besides.

Among the popular albums, Decca's collection of *Czimbalom* music—wiry-sounding Hungarian and Rumanian tunes, played on a sort of zither struck with hammers—did not interest me. In the same genre, Columbia's Gypsy Music, played by V. Selinescu and his ensemble, is a number of Russian and Balkan songs, convential but played with zest. Even better is *Flamenco,* a collection of Spanish gypsy songs, violent, capricious and exciting, done by the famous gypsy known as "The Lady With the Combs" (Columbia). Excellent, too, is *Songs of the Red Army,* sung by the army choir, and including a *Song of the Plains* with a notable cornet solo (Columbia). *Cuban Rhythms* hardly belongs in Musicraft's series labeled "Night Life in New York," but there it is—played by the orchestra of the Hotel Nacional in Havana; rhythmic but of a melodic sameness. Decca's *El Rancho Grande* is a collection of songs by the popular Mexican tenor Ramon Armengod; rather cloying.

I see no excuse for *Circus* (Columbia): snatches of the conventional blaring band music which accompanies circus acts. Nor for *Prom Date* (Victor), unless for the young; a collection of college airs. *Invitation to the Waltz* is a melange of orchestral and organ noises (by Dick Leibert), over-arranged and a parody on the Viennese waltz

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(Victor). Really fine organ-playing is "Fats" Waller's collection of Negro spirituals, lightly-swung, melodically inventive, in perfect taste (Victor). Almost too good taste, so as to sound anemic, is *Swing Low*—spirituals by the Hampton Institute Quartet, which has always refused to recognize the existence of jazz rhythm in this form of music (Victor). *The Wayfaring Stranger* (Okeh) is an album of folksongs by a sweet-voiced, knockabout radio singer, Burl Ives; it contains some fine things including *Sweet Betsy from Pike, Wee Cooper O' Fife* and an English ballad, *Tam Pierce.*

Columbia's hot jazz album *Teddy Wilson-Billie Holiday* contains some recordings which made jazz history. Billie Holiday, whose mannered style of singing influenced many a band vocalist, was backed by Wilson at the piano and a number of small instrumental combinations including Benny Goodman, Buster Bailey, John Kirby, Roy Eldridge and Cosy Cole. None of the music was arranged, and such sides as *What a Little Moonlight Can Do* are among the best of the kind ever made. Decca continues its survey of jazz solo instruments with *Saxophobia,* a collection including such fine sides as *Honeysuckle Rose* by Coleman Hawkins and *Blue and Sentimental* by Herschel Evans. Both Decca and Columbia have retrospective sets featuring the great trumpeter Louis Armstrong at his most powerful; Columbia's contains three great Armstrong numbers, *Muskat Ramble, Cornet Chop Suey* and *Gutbucket Blues.* And a Columbia album proves that contemporary jazz has originality and vitality; the *Alec Wilder Octet,* composed of oboe, flute, bassoon, clarinet, bass clarinet, bass, drums and harpsichord. Alec Wilder, whose group plays in the recording studio only, shows the influence of serious modern composers, French especially. His titles are all his own: *The House Detective Registers, Bull Fiddles in China Shop, Her Old Man Was Suspicious,* etc.

Wilder currently has a popular song on the lists, *It's So Peaceful in the Country,* of which Harry James's record is about the best (Columbia). His *Soft as Spring,* played by Benny Goodman, is more elusive; backed by a cute number called *Down, Down, Down.* Two fine re-issues are the excellent Beiderbecke *Jazz Me Blues* and the Red Norvo *Blues in E Flat* (Columbia). From Duke Ellington's new musical show, *Jump for Joy,* which is playing on the west coast, come four good tunes: *Jump for Joy, The Brown Skin Gal, I Got it Bad* and *Chocolate Shake.* Ellington almost never misses; two earlier discs contain superb tunes called *John Hardy's Wife* and *Bakiff* (all Victor). More briefly: *Portrait of a Guinea Farm* by Claude Thornhill (Okeh); just what it sounds like . . . *God Bless the Child,* an eerie ditty by Billie Holiday (Okeh); also sung by Bea Wain on Victor, for those who dislike the Holiday manner. . . . *Ma Says Pa Says* and *The Wind in the Trees* by the South African Josef Marais; not up to his best (Decca). . . . *Deuces Wild* and *The Last Time I Saw Chicago* by a fine little combination, clarinetist Peewee Russell, pianist Joe Sullivan, drummer Zutty Singleton; also *Del Mar Rag* and *Forevermore* by Sullivan (both Commodore). . . . *You and I,* a new hit, and the Brahms *Lullaby,* by Bing Crosby (Decca). . . . Artie Shaw's enlarged orchestra (with strings) in *Georgia On My Mind* and *Why Shouldn't I* (Victor). . . . *Shipyard Ramble,* fast and powerful, by Erskine Hawkins (Bluebird). . . . Mildred Bailey's expert singing of *All Too Soon* (Decca), with the fine pianist Herman Chittison in the background.

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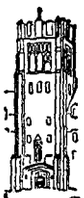

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Next week's issue continues the flow of unusual material bearing on the issues of the day, highly characteristic of THE COMMONWEAL.

THE LOST LAND by Theodore Maynard, is a revealing study of the policy of the Church in this country towards urbanization and rural life. It cites the reasons that have given the Catholic Church in this country its preponderant city character and tells of the great figures who agitated against this trend. It brilliantly indicates what the author is convinced the Church should do in the future.

MY POLITICAL VOCATION by Don Luigi Sturzo, is an autobiographical sketch of the way the great leader of the Italian Popular party came to abandon his predilections for pure philosophy and enter the vital arena of social and political activities. It is a story of courage, initiative and perseverance in the great cause of social justice. The outline of a career which in its active phases was brought to an end only by the advent of Mussolini.

DISUNION NOW by Hans Kohr carries forward the analysis of the Swiss system begun in this week's issue by Charlotte Muret and Denis de Rougemont. It takes up that aspect of the Swiss Confederation which the author believes has the greatest possibilities in drawing up plans for the European confederation of the future. Mr. Kohr presents in lively fashion the startling suggestion of dividing all Europe into small enough splinters to assure lasting collaboration. His thesis is highly convincing.

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The Inner Forum

Fordham's Hundredth Anniversary

SISTER M. DOLORITA'S ode in this issue calls attention to the climax of the ceremonies commemorating the hundredth anniversary of Fordham University. The festivities of September 15, 16 and 17 mark the end of a whole year's anniversary observance. At the president's dinner on Tuesday evening there will be in attendance delegates from 250 institutions of higher learning, among whom will be included 88 college and university presidents. Some twenty-five bishops and archbishops will be on hand. Speakers at the dinner include the president of the University, Rev. Robert S. Gannon, S.J., Vice President Henry A. Wallace, Governor Lehman of New York, Chancellor Harry Woodburn Chase of New York University, Archbishop Cicognani, the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, and Archbishop Spellman of New York, of the class of 1911, who will speak for the alumni.

A good part of the final three-day ceremonies will be given over to learned papers and round table discussions on current issues and questions agitating the world of scholarship led by the representatives of the various colleges and universities sent to participate in the program. At the formal opening on Monday, after an invocation and blessing by Auxiliary Bishop McIntyre of New York and Father Gannon's address of welcome, Frank Aydelotte, representing Oxford University, and Harry Miller Lydenberg of the American Council of Learned Societies will speak on behalf of the delegates to the convocation. The physicists of the country will hold their conferences as part of the Fordham festivities. At the concluding meeting on Wednesday morning all the delegates will gather at the university gymnasium for presentation to the president and the trustees and for the awarding of honorary degrees to civic, educational, political and religious leaders.

It was on June 24, 1841, that Bishop Hughes of New York founded St. John's College and Seminary at Fordham Village. Five years later he turned it over to the Jesuits to administer. From the original enrollment of 30 students the institution has grown to 8,000 students. It is the largest Catholic university in the United States and the biggest Jesuit educational institution in the world.

CONTRIBUTORS

Denis de ROUGEMONT is a Swiss writer who has for many years past lived in France. This is his second book to be translated. No French edition is appearing.

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